MIRANA.

A

Funeral Eclogue:

Sacred to the Memory of that

Excellent LADY, ELEONORA,

LATE

Counteſs of ABINGDON.

LONDON,

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A

Funeral Eclogue:

Sacred to the Memory of the

Late COUNTESS of *ABINGDON.*

Damon. Alexis.

Alexis. *Damon*, the *Spring* is now in all her Bloom,
And, like the *Phœnix*, mounts in her perfume:
If ought on Earth like *Paradiſe* can ſhow,
'Tis, at this time, a *Paradiſe below.*
But O! ſhou'd ſome wild Tempeſt overcaſt
This *Bleſſed Spring*, and all her *Glories* blaſt;
Shou'd one fierce, fatal, unexpected *Hour*
End both her *Beauty*, *Riches*, and her *Pow'r*;
Now quite diſrob'd, that was but now ſo *Gay*,
As if *December* had ſucceeded *May*;
At the *amazing Change* what wou'd'ſt thou ſay?
Nay, ſhou'd'ſt thou ſuch an *Alteration* ſee,
Wou'd it not make as *Strange a Change* in *Thee!*

Damon. I know not well, unleſs that *Change* ſhou'd come;
Which Heav'n avert! 'twould be a *dreadful doom.*

Alexis. 'Tis come! 'tis come!----- If any Earthly thing,
Mirana was the *Mirror* of the *Spring*;
Chaſt as the Morn, ſoft as her Smooth pac'd hours,
Clear as her Fountains, Beauteous as her Flowers,
And fruitful as her warm prolifick Showers:
Her Glories all were blown and freſh as *May*,
When *one black Moment* tore 'em *all* away!
No Sickneſs did her *charming Fabrick* ſeize,
No ſign, no fear, no thought of a *Diſeaſe*;
All calm, all huſht in Mid-night reſt we lay,
Dreaming, alas! of a *more Joyful Day*;
When, like a *Storm*, or ſudden Trumpet's blaſt,
And dreadful too, as if it were the *laſt*;

As ſwift, as loud the diſmal Tydings ſpread,
And did as much confound---- *She's dead*! *She's dead*!
With Horror ſtruck and ſtupid with Surprize,
We ſcarce, at firſt, believ'd our Ears or Eyes,
Then wiſh'd *theſe* cou'd not *hear*, nor *thoſe* cou'd *ſee*;
While all that ſaw her turn'd as Pale as *ſhe*!
O Darkn'd Light! O Day ſhut up too ſoon!
'Tis juſt as if the *Sun* ſhou'd ſet at Noon;
Now *glorious*, dreſt in all the blaze of Light,
And now, but wink, and all *eternal Night*.
Ah Heav'n! why did you ſo much *Worth* diſplay?
Or gave ye but agen to ſnatch away?
Yes, *cruel Pow'rs*! A ſentence ſo *ſevere*,
The loſs of one ſo *Young*, ſo *Good*, ſo *Fair*,
So like your *Selves*, her Nature ſo Divine,
Wou'd juſtify us if we ſhou'd repine.

Damon. Beware that thought--- and if you can allow
Reaſon may leſſen Grief, hear *Reaſon* now.
'Tis true, we own her Doom too ſoon was paſt,
Her Fate was ſudden, and her loſs is vaſt:
But think, (for ſure you may Remember well)
Think how her Siſter, dear *Urania*, fell,
When ev'ry *Nerve* and *Artery* and *Vein*
Were by *Convulſions* torn, and *fill'd* with pain:
We griev'd, that *there* ſuch Cruelty was ſhown;
And ſhall we murmur becauſe *here* was none?
So quick, ſo gently ſhe reſign'd her Breath,
As if 'twere her *Tranſlation*, not her *Death*:
Not he who did the *Fiery Coach* employ
Went thrô an *eaſier Paſſage* to his *Joy*.
Death was ſo kind he ſcarce did half his part,
Not *pierce*, but, ſmiling, *toucht* her with his Dart;
Enough, indeed, to take her from our Eyes;
But then, enough to mount her to the *Skies*:
For Oh! he took her *full prepar'd* to go,
Nor cou'd he take her otherwiſe than *ſo*.
Her Life was one continu'd *virtuous Act*,
No ſooner *good in thought*, but *good in Fact*.
Never before ſo much *uprightneſs* ſhin'd,
From the *ſtrait compaſs* of a *Female mind*.
Virtue's *Columbus*! ſhe *new Worlds* explor'd,
And, which was greater yet, the *old* reſtor'd.

This you believe; and Oh! believing this,
You muſt confeſs to mourn her is amiſs:
A Life ſo led muſt place her with the bleſt;
To grieve, then, is to Envy Her her reſt.

Alexis. O you miſtake---- but be miſtaken ſtill:
All men will mourn, but thoſe that have no will,
And becauſe ſhe was *Good*, muſt we be *ill?*
Who, now, feels not *true Sorrow* pierce his mind,
Has not the *ſmalleſt touch* of Humane-kind.
Talk not of putting *Paſſion* out to *School*,
To *weep by Reaſon*, and to *mourn by Rule*;
By Heav'n 'tis now an Error to be *wiſe*.
Not to have *breaking Hearts* and *flowing Eyes*,
Not to be dreſt in all the Pomp of *Grief*,
And all without a *Thought*, too, of *Relief*:
I'll draw the *Scene*, and, as you are a Man,
Refrain your ſelf from weeping, if you can.
'Tis done.---- Now ſee *Her* that was, late, ſo fair,
Whom 'twas a Joy to *know*, and Heav'n to *hear*;
An Angel's voice ſtill dwelt upon her Tongue,
And when ſhe *mov'd* ſhe carri'd *Paradiſe* along!
There! ſee her ſtretch'd amid'ſt a weeping Crowd,
Still as the *Grave*, and Paler than her *Shrowd*!
Obſerve what a dark aſhy Semblance lies
Upon her, lately, Life-reviving Eyes:
Think on *thoſe Lights* for ever clos'd and ſet,
Where ſo much *Mildneſs*, ſo much *Brightneſs* met:
See there, where *Beauty* did in Pomp remain,
With all the *ſhining Graces* in her *Train*,
Now *Horror*, *Sorrow*, *Fate* and *Death* does reign!
View, next, her mournful Servants all around,
Dejected, caſt their Eyes upon the Ground:
In vain they beat their Breaſts, in vain they grieve,
Th' *inevitable Doom* gives no repreive.
Fix, fix her dear Remembrance in your Mind,
For, Oh! another Such you ne'er muſt find!
See there her *Hero's Brother*, tho' ſo ſtout;
This *killing Object* works his *Weakneſs* out;
Tho' well, indeed, *that Name* it cannot bear,
For 'tis *not manly*, now, to ſhed *no Tear*.

See here her *Uncle*, of her *Ancient Race*,
His *Mind's Confuſion* writ upon his *Face!*
He came *by Chance*, no *Sorrow* near his *Heart*,
Tho' now, alas! he bears *ſo large a part.*
See there *Carnarvon's* Beauteous *Counteſs* ſtand,
She who can *all things*, but her *Grief*, command:
Obſerve how *Nature* does in her Contend
Which *moſt to mourn*, the *Siſter*, or the *Friend*:
Sorrow has all her *Sprightfulneſs* engroſt,
And her *bright Eyes* have half their Luſtre loſt.
View next, *three Daughters*, and *ſix Noble Sons*,
In whom the Blood of dear *Mirana* runs;
See how the *Mother* has fill'd ev'ry Eye,
Tho' ſome ſo young, they weep and ſcarce know why.
And here methinks we may, too plainly, ſee
The hard and raſh Reſolve of *Deſtiny*:
Their Minds, juſt molded, the Impreſſion took,
Truth from her Soul, and Sweetneſs from her look,
When, in one Minute, the Relentleſs Knife
Left 'em, bewildr'd in the *Maze of Life!*
Where can they now the *like Example* ſee?
Where ſuch a *Precedent* of *Chaſtity?*
Who now can raiſe their Souls up to the Frame
That was deſign'd 'em by the *Noble Dame?*
Or cloath 'em round with *Virtue* for their Guard?
And make that *eaſy* which *we* make ſo *hard?*
Yes! yes! you *mournful Nine*, weep on, weep on,
Renown, and Grace, and *Conſtancy* are gone!
Ye think not what a *Prize* Fate has engroſt,
Or what *your Selves*, or what the *World has loſt!*
Mirtillo, you are *old enough* to *know*;
Then tell the *Younger* as they *Riper* grow,
That, with their *Knowledge*, ſtill their *Tears* may flow!
But ſee! Ah ſee a ſadder Object here!
How like the *Dead* the *Living* does appear!
See how her *Lord* in *ſilent Anguiſh* ſtands,
With *Eyes erected*, and *uplifted Hands*!
He knows not what to *ſay*, or *think*, or *do*,
Confounded with the *unexpected Blow*!
Let him not, Heav'n, be thus to Grief enclin'd,
For too much time, alas! for Grief he'll find,
When all ſh'has *ſaid* and *done*, ſtrikes on his *Mind*;

Each

Each Day will to his ſad Remembrance bring
The freſh Reflection of ſome mournful thing.
The *nobleſt*, yet the *humbleſt* of her Kind!
The fineſt *Form*, and the moſt finiſh'd *Mind*!
A *Cabinet* fill'd with the *Richeſt Charms*
That ever Husband *lock'd* within his *Arms*!
So *tender*, ſo *obedient* all her Life,
As if his *Guardian Angel*, not his *Wife*.
So *cheerful* ſtill, ſo *ſtudious* of his eaſe,
So *bent* to cheriſh, ſo *reſolv'd* to Pleaſe,
She gave him (as if *Fate* were in her Pow'r)
In *nineteen Years* not *one afflictive hour*.
Deſign, and *Striſe* were ſtrangers to her *Heart*,
But Peace and Truth and *that* were ne'er apart.
Anger might *knock*, but he no *entrance* found,
He durſt not *tread* that Path, 'twas *Holy Ground*.
Her *Temper* was to *Piety* ſo true,
Not her *whole Life* one Rapid *Motion* knew:
Like a *ſmooth Stream* it did, untroubl'd, rowl,
Clear as her *Eyes* and *even* as her Soul!
But ſee! her *Hero* can refrain no more,
His *Heart* is burſting and his *Eyes* run o'er!
In vain he does let fall that *Plenteous Show'r*!
No *Rain* cou'd e'er revive a *faded Flow'r*!
Ah! can'ſt thou ſee all this, and weep not too?

Damon. I wou'd not---but, by Heav'n, my *Friend*, I do:
Nature is Pow'rful; to her *Law* I bow,
Tho' Contradicting what I ſaid but now.

Alexis. 'Tis as it ſhou'd be---they who *truly Grieve*
Ne'er ſtand to ask their *Second Thoughts* the leave:
True Grief, without controul, will reign *alone*,
And, ſeizing on the *Fort*, makes *all her own*---
But look on further and obſerve the *Poor*
And *Needy*, that in Numbers crowd the *Door*;
Theſe long ſh'as *cloathed*, and *thoſe* as long has *fed*;
She *griev'd* to ſee a Man that *wanted Bread*:
Ill was his Chance, tho' diſtant, that cou'd be
Out of the reach of her diffuſive *Charity*.
See how they grieve each other to behold,
And, tho' 'tis *Summer*, ſhake to think of *Winters cold*.

See on that Hand the *Sick* deſpairing Lie;
Now ſhe is *dead* they muſt, *the ſooner*, die,
In loſing *her* they've loſt their *ſureſt Remedy*:
What help the *Art of Phyſick* cou'd afford
They had, unask'd, and many ſhe reſtor'd:
No wretched Creature who his health had loſt,
Need, to regain it, ſpare the ſmalleſt Coſt:
Nay when ſhe fear'd her *own Skill* wou'd not do
(And much ſhe ſtrove to know, and much ſhe knew)
Then ſhe wou'd pay for the Phyſician's too.
Ah! hear 'em thus expoſtulate with Fate,
That did not grant her Life a longer Date.
In ſparing Her (*O ye Relentleſs Pow'rs!*)
They cry, *y'ad ſpar'd, too, many Lives of* Ours;
Now we muſt Languiſh, Pine, *and* Drop away,
For who, ſo Rich, *will care the* Poor *ſhou'd ſtay?*
Thus, every Vertue that was ever known
To be in Woman-kind, ſhe made her own:
Still pious as a *Hermit*'s dying Prayer
That yields his Soul withal, to wing it thro' the Air.
O Wond'rous! O Exemplar Soul! If e'er
True Innocence did in thy *Sex* appear,
If ever we cou'd yet *Perfection* ſee,
We have the *neareſt view* of it in *Thee!*
But leaſt malicious men ſhou'd *disbelieve*,
And think we *flatter*, or but *vainly grieve*,
Hear Friend, my Sacred Imprecation hear,
And let both of us *kneel*, and both be *bare*.
Doom me (ye Pow'rs) to *Miſery* and *Shame*,
Let *mine* be the moſt *Ignominious Name*,
Let me, each Day, be with *new Griefs* perplext,
Curſt in *this Life*, nor *Bleſſed* in the *Next*,
If I believe *the like of Her* ſurvives,
Or if I think her not *the Beſt of Mothers*, and of *Wives*.

Damon. Thy wiſh ſhall have the ſuffrage of us all---
But hark!---'tis ſo, our *Bleating Charge* does call:
Cloſe, cloſe the *mournful Scene*, and let the *Curtain* fall.

FINIS.